

PENITENTIAL
CRIES,

I N

Thirty--two Hymns.

Begun by the Author of the *Songs*
of *Praise* and *Midnight Cry*; and
carried on by another hand.

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The Third Edition.

L O N D O N,

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Penitential Cries.

I. *The Sinner's Self-Reflection.*

I.

AH Lord, ah Lord, what have I done?
What will become of me?
What shall I say, what shall I do?
Or whither shall I flee?

By wandering I have lost my self.
And here I'll make my moan,
O whither whither have I stray'd,
Ah Lord what have I done?

II.

Thy Candle searches all my Rooms
And now I plainly see,
The numerous Sins of Earth and Hell
Are summed up in me.
The Seeds of all the Ills that grow
Are in my Garden sown,
And multitudes of them are sprung,
Ah Lord what have I done?

III.

I have been Satans willing slave,
And his most easie prey,
He was not readier to command,
Than I was to Obey;

Or

Or if at times he left my Soul,
Yet still his Work went on,
I was a Tempter to my self;
Ah Lord what have I done?

IV.

I put at all the threats of Heaven,
And slighted all its charms,
Nor Satans Fetters would I leave,
For Christs inviting Arms:
I had a Soul but priz'd it not,
And now my Soul is gone.
My forced Cries do pierce the Skies,
Ah Lord what have I done?

II. *The Sinner's Remorse, as the 25 Psalm.*

I.

LORD thou hast overcome,
I've got my deadly wound,
And he that Kicks against the Pricks,
Will soon himself confound;
My Sins those venomous Darts,
Which Heaven-wards I did throw,
Are now my Rack, being driven back
By mine Almighty Foe.

II.

My Sins have found me out,
And at my door they lie;
And there they stay both night and day,
And there I hear them cry;
In vain my Friends attempt
To cure my miseries,

Penitential Cries.

What they propound to me is drown'd
In sins loud roaring cries.

III.

In vain are all the Tears
Of them that stand without,
My Dart's within, it is my sin,
They cannot pull it out;
My Heart is all one wound,
My breath repeated sighs,
My Bread is tears, my life is fears,
My Language Groans and Cries.

IV.

What are Heavens lights to him
Who in the Dungeon lies,
Not one thin Ray, or piece of day
Does chear my clouded eyes;
Sins match enkindles Hell,
Sin makes the Damned Roar,
This I have heard without regard,
But never knew before.

III. *The Sinners Fears.*

I.

A Las! for I have seen the Lord,
With a drawn Sword he stood,
Now might he sheath it in my flesh,
And bathe it in my blood;
I've dar'd him with my mighty sins,
As if we was too slow,
But now he comes both arm'd and girt,
As an intraged Foe.

II.

What shall a guilty Sinner do ?
When Justice do's appear,
Or whither shall I flee from him,
Whose place is every where ?
As I can neither stand nor fly,
So neither can I bear,
That mighty hand which Grinds the Rocks,
And doth foundations tear.

III.

My pale, my poor, my trembling Soul
Do's start at every thing,
It hourly fears huge Hosts of wrath
From this incensed King ;
Should he but his Commissions grant
All Creatures would engage
Against me as their Common foe,
With an united rage.

IV.

I have such Monsters in my Soul,
As do portend and tell,
As Devils here with me have dwelt
So I with them must dwell ;
They have my wretched Soul possess'd,
They hold it in their chains,
I fear least they should drag it down
To suffer endless pains.

V.

My fears are just, I've deserv'd Hell,
And 'tis my proper hire,
But who can dwell, O who can dwell
With everlasting Fire ? A 4 IV,

IV. *The Sinner's Shame or Confusion.*

I.

SO foolish, so absurd am I,
 That nothing can be more;
 Was ever such a Monster seen
 Upon the Earth before?
 I dare not look upon the Earth,
 The witness of my Sin;
 My conscience is a Doomsday Book.
 I dare not look within.

II.

Upwards I durst not cast mine Eyes,
 For there my Judge doth sit:
 Nor downwards whence the smoke does rise,
 From the Infernal Pit;
 How shall I answer at the Bar,
 Of him, who is most pure?
 I cannot answer for my self;
 My self I can't endure.

III.

And as my self I can't endure,
 My self I cannot fly;
 Thus Fools do sell themselves for Slaves,
 And what a Slave am I?
 My Heart the seat of folly is,
 My Life a Life of Sin,
 Surely I am more brutish far,
 Than ever Brute hath been.

IV.

Is this my wit, is this my way?
 To make a glorious name?

Is this the thanks I've paid to Heaven,
 Ah what a beast I am ?
 The Crown is fallen from my Head,
 My Royal Robes are gone ?
 Confusion is my only Cloak,
 And I must put it on.

V.

And whilst I blush, and whilst I bleed,
 Here will I sit alone ;
 And here I'll lead the Lepers life,
 And make my doleful moan :
 I am not worthy of the Earth,
 Not worthy of the Air,
 Not worthy of one watery drop,
 But of the Damned's fare.

VI.

O how it kills my heart to think
 Upon my foolish ways !
 Yet this I'll bear, and bless the Lord,
 Because damnation stays.

V. *The Sinner's Amazement, as the 25 Psalm.*

I.

I Read that Sins are Clouds,
 Whence Vengeance storms have fell,
 But this is that, I wonder at,
 That I am out of Hell.
 Sure there are those in Hell,
 Who never have deserv'd
 In Hell to lie, so much as I,
 And yet I am preserv'd.

II. My

II.

My sins have proudly scorn'd
 My sins have boldly dar'd
 The God of Might, with much despight,
 And yet my Soul is spar'd.
 The best and goodliest things,
 Which did this World adorn,
 By sin are ras'd, and quite defac'd,
 Yet still I am forborn.

III

'At our first Parents breach,
 Pale Death came rushing in,
 The Angels fell from Heav'n to Hell
 Preft with the weights of sin.
 The Sodomites Cry prevail'd,
 Hell could no longer stay,
 But lo there came a Sulph'rous Flame
 And met them by the way.

IV.

When *Corah* did Rebel,
 Earth would not be his Slave,
 To bear his weight, but opens streight,
 And was his willing Grave.
 When *Israel* did corrupt
 The Air with murmuring breath,
 It did rebound, and gave a wound,
 And that was present Death.

V.

The whole Creation groans,
 Sins Racks the World do fill,

It empties Rooms, to furnish Tombs,
Yet I am living still.
On the Lords hand I live,
And cannot but admire,
He does not shake so vile a Snake
Into Eternal Fire.

VI.

That Miracles are ceas'd,
Some confidently tell;
But I do know it is not so,
Whilst I am out of Hell.

VI. *The Sinners Hope.*

I.

WHO knows but such an one as I
May Grace and Mercy find?
I hear the God of *Israel*
Is merciful and kind.
Had he been pleas'd to torture me
With everlasting bands,
He might have done it long ago
Who had me in his hands.

II.

I do not hear the Trumpet sound,
To call me to his Bar,
The proofs and patterns of his Grace
Forbid me to despair.
Despair is such a sin of sins,
It cannot be forgiv'n;
Whilst other sins Hells ways do pave,
This Bars the Gates of Heav'n.

III. Cease

III.

Cease then thy murmuring, O my Soul,
And silently attend,
To th' founding Bowels of a Christ,
Who is the Sinners Friend.
He does not say, Depart from me,
Into Eternal Fire ;
But, Come into my open Breast,
Where weary Souls retire.

IV.

The trembling wretch, who toucht his Hem,
But fear'd an heavy Doom ;
Receiv'd a Cure, and Blessing too,
And went rejoicing home.
The Prodigal deserv'd, and far'd
Worse than the Swine he fed ;
But found a Mirthful Feast 'at home,
Who only lookt for Bread.

V.

Heav'n lookt upon the Publican,
Who was bow'd down with shame ;
Mercy he call'd, which soon appear'd,
And answer'd to its name.
My Sins are mighty sins indeed ;
But I have understood ;
Great sins are foils which do inance
The Price of Saving Blood.

VI.

My Soul has many ghastly Wounds,
Yet will I not despair,

Whilst

Penitential Cries.

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Whilst there is Balm in *Gilead*,
And a Physician there.
That I might march to *Canaan's* Land,
The Silver Trumpet sounds,
My Day still shines, my Tent is fix'd
Within Salvations bounds :

VI.

The Door is shut, but is not barr'd,
And he that is within,
Does bid me ask, and seek, and knock,
And strive to enter in:
Here then I'll ask, and seek, and knock,
Until the Door be ope ;
Nor will I stir a foot from hence ;
It is a Door of Hope.

VII. *The Sinner's Confession.*

I.

WHO, who can number all the Stars,
Or Sands upon the Shore ?
Thy Sins, thy Sins are multitudes,
My Soul, thy Sins are more.
Alas ! I cannot bear the sight,
They do like Clouds arise ;
The Sword of Justice will awake ;
For they have reacht the Skies.

II.

Most stubbornly I have rebell'd,
And broke thy Law, O God ;
How just is it, that such a wretch
Should feel thy Flaming Rod ?

I bleed

I bleed to think how I did slight
 Thy Message from above;
 How I despis'd thy Blood, O Christ,
 And thy Redeeming Love?

III.

How oft I did repeat my sin,
 And ran upon the score,
 Tho' Conscience loudly did dissuade;
 And bad me sin no more.
 How is it Lord thou dost so long
 This wretched Soul forbear?
 When almost ev'ry thoughts's a sin,
 My breath pollutes thy air.

IV.

Manasseh's sins were white to mine,
 Mine bear a Crimson die;
 Sure never any so provok't
 The Lord of Hosts as I.
 Ah how much viler than the Earth
 By sin am I become?
 A Sinner of polluted birth,
 A Sinner in the Womb.

V.

Lord, whither, whither must I range
 To count up my transgressions?
 Give me thy pardon, in Exchange
 Accept of my Confession.

VIII. *The Sinners Retreat.*

I.

Farewell, vain world, I bid adieu ;
 Thou canst not fill but cloy :
 Thy Throne, O God, does send forth new,
 And more refined joy.
 Meer Vanity does Man pursue
 With eagerness and heat ;
 The bravest things the World can shew
 Are but a perfect cheat :

II.

Who gain the riches of the Earth,
 Gain but a finer dross,
 Who gain a World, and lose a Soul,
 Sustain the greatest loss.
 The blast of honour sounds aloud,
 Yet that's but empty air,
 Which quickly passes thro' the Croud :
 And do's no more appear.

III.

Alas there's nothing here that can
 True blessedness afford ;
 Ye painted shadows, get you gone,
 Ye hold me from my Lord ;
 He's blest indeed who loveth God,
 Whose undefiled mind
 Can scorn such poor delights, and can
 In Jesus better find.

IV.

O happy they who only love
 Their God, and him admire ! That

That I may taste your purer joys,
 I'll from the World retire.
 I'll make it my ambition now,
 To be belov'd of God :
 Sinners, in time, in time, return,
 Before you feel his Rod.

IX. The Sinner's Resolves.

I.

THIS empty World has now too long
 Deceived me with lies,
 I am resolved to be gone ;
 Deluded Soul, arise.
 Go fly to Christ without delay,
 Engage him for thy Friend,
 Such men are blessed in their way,
 And blessed in their end.

II.

What have I more to do with sin ?
 Ye flatt'ring sweets be gone ;
 The time and place 'twas acted in,
 Are sad to think upon.
 My vain companions I'll forsake,
 Them from their ways withdraw,
 I'll read a Lecture that shall make
 Those frozen hearts to thaw.

III.

My sins will I no more repeat,
 Nor finish that begun,
 My Summons to the Judgment Seat
 May come before it's done.

I will

I will not with my Finger once
Touch my beloved Sin.
Who knows its latter end? you know
But where it did begin.

IV.

The snares of Satan lye so low,
And are so smoothly plac't;
I'll softly tread where e're I go,
And never act in haste.
The word and Spirit I'll obey,
And think if God say so,
It is enough, I'll never stay,
To see what others do.

V.

I'll dedicate my self to God
And his alone will be,
I triumph I am in the road
To true felicity.
Lord, all is spread before thy face,
My Soul resolves upon;
My Soul commits it to thy Grace,
O leave it not alone!

X. *The Sinners Cry for pardon.*

I.

Great God, thou art a God of Grace,
Who pardons hast in store;
O do not turn away thy face
From me, tho I am poor.
I do deserve the hottest plagues
Of an incensed God;

B

To



To drink the Vials of his wrath,
To feel the damns rod.

II.

But turn away thy wrath from me,
Now turning at thy call;
O why should'st thou exalt thy self
In thy poor Creatures fall?
I might be cast into thy Jail,
There lie for evermore;
But Lord, thy patience did give Bail,
Thy Christ did pay the score.

III.

Mercy, good Lord, Mercy I ask,
This is the Total Summ,
For Mercy, Lord is all my suit,
Lord, let thy mercy come.
Lord, if thou wilt my sins forgive,
Wilt not in wrath destroy;
'Twill add new comforts to thy Saints,
Fresh triumphs to their joy.

IV.

This will encourage Sinners, Lord,
To turn and seek thy face;
When they shall hear the worst of them
Has now obtain'd thy Grace.
My Sins are Mountains, tho they be,
These Mountains cannot stand.
What are those Mountains to my Christ?
They fly at thy command.

V.

My Sins indeed are numberless,
are not thy Mercies so?
This did thy pardon'd ones profess,
They bad me to thee go.
Tho they be numerous and great,
I'm in Salvation's Road;
They cannot pass the blood of Christ;
Which is the blood of God.

VI.

Where Sin abounds, thy Word do's say,
Grace has abounded more;
This is, and shall be still my plea;
Whilst thou hast Grace in store.
Mercy, good Lord, Mercy, I ask;
This is the total sum,
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit,
Lord let thy Mercy come.

XI. *The Sinner's Address to Christ.*

I.

WHere lies a Sin, I'll drop a tear,
Then view Redeeming blood,
To mourning Souls Christ will appear,
And surely do them good.
'Tis thou alone, my Lord, canst give
This asking heart relief.
Christ's gentle voice would make it live,
His hand wipe off my grief.

II.

Those falsely call'd the sweets of Sin,
Are bitter unto me ;
I loath the state that I am in,
Lord, may I come to thee ?
But O wilt thou receive him now
That's coming to thy door ?
For I can bring no dowry, Lord,
I come extreemly poor.

III.

What if my tears could make a floud,
My rightcoufness is dross,
Those tears need washing in thy blood,
Tho' wept upon the Crofs.
I have an Argument to plead
Which thou canst not deny,
Thy Grace is free, and thou dost give
To Sinners, such as I.

IV.

Thou dost invite all wandering Souls,
And I am one of those,
With thee the sick do find a Cure,
The weary find repose.
The world and Sin will ever vex,
Will trouble and molest,
I therefore trust my Soul with Christ
To bring to Heavens rest.

XII. *The Sinners Reception.*

I.

Whilſt others coſtly Offerings bring
Unto my Lord moſt dear,
To him a Song of Praise I'll ſing,
And ſacrifice a Tear.
This is my choiceſt gift, I have
No better to impart ;
When thou receiv'ſt me firſt ; then I
Did offer up mine heart.

II.

I am the Prodigal return'd,
And met upon a plain,
And thou the loving Father, that
Invit'ſt me home again.
Thou didſt invite, and bring me home,
My ſtudy now ſhall be
To furniſh and prepare a Room,
Where Chriſt may dwell with me.

III.

O cleanſe my Soul and make it white,
Adorn it with thy Grace,
To dwell with me do thou delight,
And never hide thy face.
Who can but love ſo dear a Lord !
I'll make a daily feaſt,
The daily exerciſe of Grace
Shall entertain my Chriſt.

IV.

I love thee, Lord ; and thou doſt know
How I adore thy name ;

Surely, my God, I would do so,
 Would wear a loving frame.
 With thankfulness I will record
 Thy kindness all my days,
 I'll live upon and to the Lord :
 And breath a constant praise.

XIII. *The Sinner's admiration of Divine
 Mercy, as the 148 Psalm.*

I.

TO praise Redeeming Love,
 Dear Christians, lend a voice,
 Come thou Diviner Dove,
 And help me to rejoyce ;
 My heart too low,
 Lord thou canst raise :
 Best Spirit blow,
 And I shall praise.

II.

Here Lord will I admire
 The wonders of thy Grace
 Till thou shalt call me higher,
 There to behold thy face :
 O Heighth of Grace !
 O Depth of Love !
 Now fit me for
 My place above.

III.

Hell was my proper hire,
 For I was Satans Slave,

Fit Fuel for that Fire,
But God delights to save :
God often call'd :
I would not come :
He call'd until
He brought me home.

IV.

Dejected Souls may not
Acceptance with him fear ;
No sigh was e'er forgot ;
He Bottles every Tear.

Do not despair,
Because you see,
How kind the Lord
Has been to me.

V.

My Sins were very high,
My Soul almost in Hell,
Yet Mercy then drew nigh,
And caught me as I fell.

Bless God, my Soul,
Even unto death ;
And write a Song
For every Breath.

VI.

Who can this Love express ?
His Mercy ne'er decays,
What can my Soul do less,
Than love him all my days ?

Bless God, my Soul,
Even unto Death,
And write a Song
For every Breath.

XIV. *The Sinners Thirst after more Grace.*

I.

I Bless my God for giving Grace,
Wilt thou increasē my store?
And as my Graces do increasē,
Thy Praises shall be more.
This barren Soil will never bear,
Or else bear nothing good;
Unless thou water with thy Care,
And moisten with thy Blood.

II.

Be thou to me, as thou hast been
Unto thine *Israel*,
A Dew to keep my branches green,
To make my blossoms smell.
I daily thirst, I sigh, I groan,
For greater growth in Grace;
O spread each sigh before thy Throne,
Before thy brighter Face.

III.

Increase the Grace that thou hast wrought,
So kindly, freely given,
Lord cherish it, till thou hast brought
Me up the Stairs to Heav'n.
This thirsty Soul must still repeat
Its earnest Suit again.

I am

I am thy Garden, and intreat
Thy Garden may have Rain.

XV. *For Spiritual Protection.*

I.

I Have an Host of Enemies,
Are ever breaking in,
Satan, the World, the Flesh devise
To ruine me by Sin.
I trust to God, as my defence,
Against her subtilties;
From all destructive baits of sense,
Wilt thou restrain mine Eyes?

II.

Tho' ye combine against my Soul,
I make the Lord my Guard,
Who will your fiery Breath controul,
Who will be my Rpeer-ward.
Whenever dangers near approach,
Lord be at hand to me,
And bring my Soul by each assault,
The nearer unto thee.

III.

O keep from Sin, which brings a frown,
Be gracious at my Cry:
Let no Temptations cast them down,
That on thy Grace relye.
Why should that frame set up within,
Which thine own hand did raise?

Be

Be ever broke or flurr'd by Sin,
Why shouldest thou lose thy praise ?

IV.

Even as thy care, thy hand is large,
And fills each empty space ;
Remember that I am thy charge ;
This day consult my case.
My Soul, my Frame, I will commit
To thee, O Holy Ghost !
Thou art my Guardian, and I trust,
Thy work shall not be lost.

XVI. *Lamenting the loss of first Love.*

I.

O That my Soul was now as fair,
As it has sometimes been,
Devoid of that distracting care
Without and guilt within.
There was a time, when I could tread
No Circle but of Love ;
That joyous Morning now is fled ;
How heavily I move ?

II.

Unhappy Soul, that thou should'st force
Thy Saviour to depart,
When he was pleased with so course
A Lodging in thy Heart.
How sweetly I enjoy'd my God ?
With how Divine a frame,
I thought on every Plant I trod,
I read my Saviour's Name !

III.

III.

I liv'd, I lov'd, I talkt with thee,
 So sweetly we agreed,
 And thou no stranger wast to me,
 Till I became a weed.
 The Tempter robb'd me, and I must,
 I fear, be ever poor;
 May this suffice to rowl i'th' dust,
 Before thy Temple Door?

IV.

My dearest Lord, my Heart flames not
 With Love, that Sacred Fire,
 But since my Love has wore that blot,
 Repentance runs the higher.
 O might those days return again,
 How welcome they should be!
 Shall my Petition be in vain,
 Since Grace is ever free.

V.

Lord of my Soul, return, return,
 To chase away this Night,
 Let not thine anger ever burn;
 God once was my delight.

XVII. *The Conflict.*

I.

O What a War is in my Soul,
 Which fain would be devout!
 I am most weary with the Fight,
 But may not yet give out.

The

The Flesh and Spirit, both contend
 For this weak Soul of mine,
 That oft I know not what to do,
 But, Lord, I would be thine.

T II.

I would believe, but unbelief
 Prevails the other way ;
 And I have constant cause of grief,
 A longer night than day.
 I cry to God, those Cries declare,
 Whose part my Soul do's take,
 Accepts my poor desires, whilst I
 Do this resistance make.

III.

My Evidences should be clear,
 But ah the blots of Sin !
 Turn chearing hope to sadning fear,
 And make black doubts within.
 The Laws of Sin, and Grace will jar,
 Both dwelling in one room,
 The Saints expect perpetual War,
 Till ye are sent for home.

IV.

Altho' these Combats make you fear,
 They should not cast you down,
 God will give Grace to hold out here,
 And Glory for its Crown.

XVIII. *The Back-sliders Return.*

I.

TH O' I am fallen from my God,
 I'll venture to draw nigh ;
 His Word assures me, he would not
 Have any Sinner die.
 Sinners may hope to see God's Face,
 Tho' fallen ne'er so low ;
 If they go to the Throne of Grace,
 And weeping, as they go.

II.

Who shames himself before him there,
 His Sin shall be forgot ;
 If Sinners blush, when they confess,
 That blushing hides their spot.
 Ah Lord ! I am asham'd to come,
 Asham'd with thee to meet,
 I dare not look, but down I fall
 At thy most blessed Feet.

III.

Did ever any thus before,
 Thus basely wrong thy Grace ?
 Sure I'm more vile than any one
 Of wretch *Adam's* Race.
 Here comes a Prodigal, Lord, hear,
 And answer at his Call,
 I beg for Jesus sake, that thou
 Remember not my Fall.

IV.

IV.

Nothing I plead on my behalf,
 But yet thou knowest well, (Brands
 Bright Saints in Heav'n were once black
 Snatcht from a burning Hell.
 The Blood of Bulls thou askest not,
 A Penitential groan
 Shall be accepted, this I bring,
 And offer at thy Throne.

XIX. *The Sinner's Morning Prayer; as the*
 100 Psalm.

I.

God who once more unseal'd mine eyes,
 Shall have my choicest Sacrifice,
 My highest thanks I humbly pay,
 For Mercies running night and day.

II.

O Lord, thy Pardon I implore,
 And Grace, that I offend no more,
 O let thy goodness never cease;
 Renew thy Covenant of Peace.

III.

As thou renewest still my days,
 With new endearments crown my ways;
 Father, with me this day abide;
 Be thou my leader and my guide,

IV.

That I may plainly see and know,
 The very Path where I should go;

And

And may at night rejoycing, say,
My God was kind to me this day.

V.

Those Graces that I want supply,
And keep me with a tender Eye;
Let my corruptions more and more,
Lose of the ground they had before.

VI.

By Faith, dear Saviour, I would live,
And like the fruitful Lily thrive:
The fruitful Christian honours God,
And shews his Pastures to be good.

VII.

Give me my claim to Heaven clear,
Thy constant Grace to persevere:
Whilst here on Earth be thou my Guard,
And at the last my great Reward.

XX. *The Sinner's Evening Prayer; as the*
100 Psalm.

I.

O Lord, behold a wretched one,
That flings himself before thy Throne,
By practice sinful, and by birth,
Lord, viler, viler than the Earth.

II.

O let thy Christ my Jesus be,
To save from Sin and misery!
My Soul, beneath thy feet I lay,
Intreating Pardon for this day.

III.

III.

God made his World, and brought me in,
And I brought mine, my World of Sin;
Behold those sins not as a Spy,
To mark, or as a Judge, to try.

IV.

But as Physician to the Poor,
Who brings a Balsam for the Sore:
Absolve, renew me by thy Grace;
Fit me for Death which comes apace.

V.

Encircle me within thine Arm,
My Body to defend from harm;
Preserve my wandering Soul from Sin,
Both going out, and coming in.

VI.

Keep far from me a careless heart.
From which my Saviour would depart:
O bless and prosper all my ways,
That they may issue in thy Praise.

XXI. *Cry for Improvement of Talents.*

I.

I Am a Tree that God hath set,
Which he expects should grow:
We must allow that Hand to reap,
Which was at cost to sow.

II.

If thou expectest from my Flock,
Or from my Tillage Bread.

Then

Then help me to improve my Stock ;
Let not thy Grace lie dead,

II.

Those Talents that the Masters send,
The Servants must improve,
Thine Aid, O my great Master ! send
To help me from above.
Since thou didst buy me, when a Slave,
Shall I not now be true ?
I'll use the power that I have,
Dear Saints, for God and you.

III.

With Riches give a liberal Heart,
That so I may restore
Again, and pay thy Tythes unto
Thy Deputy the Poor.
That honour thou dost shine on me,
Shall honour thee always ;
My lesser Talents joyn to pay
Their Tribute to thy Praise.

IV.

Whate'er is mine, it first was thine,
And thine shall ever be ;
All my Enjoyments shall combine
To raise, and honour thee.
My parts, my time, my every thing,
Are wholly thine I own :
Accept the Musick from each string
Presented at thy Throne.

XXII. *A Cry before the Sacrament.*

I.

TO day the Lord of Hosts invites
 Unto a costly Feast ;
 O what a privilege is this,
 To be th' Almightyes Guest !

II.

I am invited, I must go,
 Lord help me to prepare,
 That so I may be welcome, and
 Partake of Childrens fare.

III.

All they that sit down with him must
 Be decked with his Grace ;
 He smiles on such Communicants,
 And they behold his Face.

IV.

But who, and what am I? O Lord !
 Unholy and unmeet,
 To come within thy doors, or to
 Wash thy Disciples Feet!

V.

Come, holy Spirit, come and take
 My filthy garments hence,
 The guilt, the stain, the love of Sin,
 Will give my Lord offence.

VI.

Remember not my sins, O Lord !
 Which ever load my mind,
 Thy Son did die, for such as I,
 That I might Mercy find.

VII.

VII.

Worldly distractions stay behind,
Below the Mount abide,
Be no disturbance to my mind,
Nor make my Saviour chide.

VIII.

Let nothing that is not Divine
Within thy presence move,
What e're would cause thee not to shine
In tokens of thy love.

IX.

Whilst thou dost at thy Table sit,
Send out thy Spirit to breathe
Upon my Soul, to summon forth
My Graces from beneath.

X.

Awake Repentance, Faith, and Love,
Awake, O every Grace;
Come, come, attend this glorious King,
And bow before his Face.

XI.

O come, my Lord, the time draws nigh
That I am to receive,
Stand with my Pardon sealed by,
Perswade me to believe.

XII.

Let not my Jesus now be strange,
Nor hide himself from me;
O cause thy Face to shine upon
The Soul that longs for thee.

XIII.

O let our entertainment now
 Be so exceeding sweet,
 That we may long to come again,
 And at thy Table meet.

XXIII. *Under Desertion.*

I.

MY Lord, My God, I once could sing,
 But now I fear to say
 My God, I only cry my King,
 Of force I must obey.
 I've forfeited that blessed Guest,
 That joy that sometimes shone,
 Within this dark unhallowed breast ;
 O whither is it gone ?

II.

In infinite compassion, Lord,
 To my complaint give ear,
 Whole troops of sorrow bear me down,
 O when wilt thou appear ?
 Remember, Lord, what I am stil'd,
 Tho' under darkness great,
 Tho' under darkness, still thy child,
 My heart is still thy seat.

III.

My King, thou dost possess that Throne,
 Thou dost that Scepter sway,
 'Tis thine, 'tis purely thine alone,
 I hate the sinners way.
 Lord, when thou seest me come to pray,
 Bow down a gracious ear, To

Penitential Cries.

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To answer me make no delay,
One darksome day's a year,

IV.

I know I am extreamly vile,
Lo here is room for Grace,
Look therefore on me with a smile,
A reconciled face.

I will no more my Lord provoke,
Or cause thee to withdraw,
Thy former frowns have made me wise
To fear and stand in awe.

V.

My restless Soul will ne'er give o'er,
Until thy Bowels move ;
I'll not be driven from thy door,
'Till thou shalt say I love.

XXIV. *For the Success of the Gospel.*

I.

Among the Jews let every Tribe
Turn to their Ancient Lord,
All Glory to his Name ascribe,
With joy receive his word.
Let Jews, and Gentile world agree
Thy glorious Name to raise,
When they the path to Heaven see,
They come with Songs and Praise.

II.

O that the Lord would conquer those
That do resist his hand,

O cause that all thy Churches Foes
 May yield to thy Command.
 Thy Churches, Lord, beyond the Seas,
 Are graven on our Hearts ;
 Shower down thy Grace on them and these,
 Let neither lose their parts.

III.

Let those that seek thee not, be found,
 Whilst the despisers fall,
 And those that hear the Gospel sound,
 May answer to its call.
 Thy Saints complain that they are few,
 They make too mean a Quire ;
 Let converts fall like Morning Dew,
 Thy Praise will rise the higher.

IV.

In *England* give thy Gospel free
 From a devised dress,
 And let thy goodness which do's shine
 In H—*— ne're be less. ——— *Name your
 Town here.*

Let those whom thou hast known of old,
 Be quickly called home,
 Even all thy Sheep within this Fold,
 Compel them Lord to come,

V.

Build up thine own, who wait till thou
 Dost their corruptions kill ;
 Breathe on our Souls, advance our Grace,
 Lord, higher, higher still.
 Our Pastor whom thou dost appoint,
 To keep our Vineyard, blest,
 With saving Grace, thy sweetest smiles,
 And with a fair success.

VI.

Of thy sweet presence grant us more :
 Much more our Souls desire ;
 Untill we sing on Sions Hill,
 With that Seraphick Quire.

XXV. *For a soft Heart.*

I.

That Heart is Harder than a Stone,
 That rises up to play,
 And ne'er with sorrow thinks upon
 The Sins of Yesterday.
 The last nights failures well might make,
 If they were duly scann'd,
 Each Rock, each Sinners Heart to ake,
 For Saints are daily tann'd.

II.

Ah Lord! dost thou not see my heart!
 Alas! how little Love!
 I pray thee do not lose thy part,
 Drop softness from above.
 O keep it tender! keep it soft,
 That I may know to raise,
 And quickly set the lowest string,
 Unto a Tune of Praise.

III.

Thy People do lament and cry,
 Their Sins have made them groan;
 Give me their frames, then so shall I,
 Lord rowl away this Stone.
 If thou with-hold a little space,
 With-hold not very long ;
 Send down the melting Dews of Grace,
 I'll send thee up a Song.

IV.

Make my heart softer, softer still,
 Me like thy mourning Dove,
 I mourn because I cannot mourn,
 But Lord thou know'st I love.
 Make my heart softer, softer still;
 That by thy gracious hand
 A deep impression may be made
 Even from the least Command.

XXVI. *Against Unbelief.*

I.

A Soul that's burden'd with the weight
 Of Sin that on him lies,
 Must go to *Golgotha*, then ask
 For whom that Saviour dies.
 Surely for Sinners, such as I,
 That precious Blood was spilt,
 Come, poor defiled Souls, O come,
 And wash away your guilt.

II.

Christ's calls, arise, and do not fear,
 Tho thou wast Satan's Slave,
 Let this thy drooping spirit cheer,
 His errant was to save.
 Christ did appear to *Magdalen*,
 When blinded with her tears,
 To lead on others to believe,
 And cast away their fears.

III.

My Sins are grown so high, that they
 Deserve a second flood,
 Behold the Deluge, Christ is come;
 To drown them in his blood.
 My work is to believe on him,
 By Faith his Blood apply,

When

When Faith takes out the fiery sting,
That Sinners shall not die.

IV.

Lord give me this believing heart
Advance it more and more,
Rebuke these doubts and scruples that
Are crowding at my door.
Lord, Satan says my Sins are high,
And spread before thy face;
Vast heights indeed; but what are these
Unto the heights of Grace?

XXVII. *For Universal Obedience.*

I.

LORD thou hast planted me a Vine
In fertile soil and air,
Now tend and water me as thine,
Make me thy daily care.
My Christ I'm wholly thine, direct
Me wandering in the dark,
O may my constant aims be strait,
Thine honour be my mark.

II.

I have observ'd thy sacred Laws
To be exceeding wide,
Let me not from the least of them
Turn willfully aside.
Lord let thy Word and Spirit guide
Thy Servant in thy way,
May I walk closely with my God
And run no more astray.

III.

Shall *Simon* bear thy Cross alone
And other Saints be free?

Each

Each Saint of thine shall find his own
 And there is one for me.
 When e're it falls unto my lot
 Let it not drive me from
 My God, let me be ne'er forgot
 'Till thou hast lov'd me home.

IV.

O happy Christians, be not loth
 To have a coarser fear:
 Saints that have had no Table cloth,
 Had Christ at dinner there.
 To do or suffer I am pleas'd,
 So long as Christ stands by,
 Support me with thy constant aid,
 Lest all thy Graces die.

V.

The way is to the upright strength,
 Lord make it so to me,
 That never tiring with the length,
 My Soul may reach to thee.

XXVIII. *The Sinners Cry for Quickning Grace.*

I.

TH E Spouse sought her beloved one,
 But sought him on her Bed,
 Seldom such seekers speed with God.
 Cold Pray'rs are counted dead.
 How many Duties do I spoil,
 How many Sins do I
 Contract by this my drowsy frame,
 Forgetting Christ is by?

II.

Thy Saints enjoy a lively Frame,
 Run cheerfully to God,

Their

Their Heav'nly praises shew the same
 Whilst I'm a lifeless clod.
 Ah Lord shall it be ever thus?
 Have I no wings for thee?
 It grieves me to go bowed down,
 Whilst other Christians flee.

III.

None can remedy this but thou,
 Drop down the Oil of Love,
 My Soul then like *Aminadab*,
 With swift delight will move.
 O come to me with quick'ning Grace,
 Remove this drowfie frame,
 Then shall the fire of Love within,
 Brake out into a flame.

IV.

Come, come to me, O come and set
 My Soul upon the Wing,
 When I upon the Mountain get,
 I'll praise my heav'nly King.
 No more delays, O come, and blow,
 Stir up thy grace begun;
 When thou dost breathe, thy Spices flow;
 The work goes kindly on.

XXIX. *For Communion with God.*

I.

A Lás my God, that we shou'd be,
 Such Strangers to each other,
 O that as Friends we might agree,
 And walk and talk together.
 Thou knowest my Soul do's dearly love
 The place of thine abode,
 No Musick drops so sweet a sound,
 As these two words, my God.

II.

I long not for the Fruit that grows
 Within these Gardens here,
 I find no sweetness in their Rose,
 When Jesus is not near.
 Thy gracious presence, O my Christ
 Can make a Paradise;
 Ah what are all the goodly Pearls
 Unto this Pearl of price;

III.

May I taste that Communion, Lord,
 Thy People have with thee?
 Thy Spirit daily talks with them,
 O let it talk with me;
 Like *Enoch*, let me walk with God,
 And thus walk out my day,
 Attended with the Heav'nly Guards
 Upon my Kings High-way.

IV.

When wilt thou come unto me Lord?
 O come, my Lord most dear,
 Come near, come nearer, nearer still,
 I'm well when thou art near.
 When wilt thou come unto me Lord?
 I languish for thy sight,
 Ten thousand Suns if thou art strange
 Are shades instead of light.

V.

When wilt thou come unto me, Lord?
 For till thou dost appear,
 I count each moment for a day,
 Each minute for a year.
 Come Lord, and never from me go,
 This World's a darksome place,

I find no pleasure here below,
When thou dost veil thy Face.

VI.

There's no such thing as pleasure here,

My Jesus is my all,

As thou dost shine or disappear,

My pleasures rise or fall.

Come, spread thy favour on my frame,

No sweetness is so sweet ;

Till I get up to sing thy name,

Where all thy Singers meet.

XXX. On the Lord's Day. As the 100th Psalm.

I.

THou spreadst a weekly Table, Lord,
Where Souls may Banquet on thy Word:
Whilst means in plenty we enjoy,
Let not our Souls be parch'd and dry.

II.

We wait here at *Bethesda's* Pool,
Those Waters which refresh and cool,
We wait whose Souls are scorcht with sin,
O come, dear Saviour, help us in.

III.

Thy Power and thy Grace display,
Be thou amongst us on thy day,
That Sinners may observe thy call,
And numerous Converts to thee fall,

IV.

That those who do thy footsteps trace,
May find all sweetness in thy Grace,
O may they never more complain
That they have sought their God in vain.

V.

Thy people at thy Footstool lye,
Behold us with a gracious Eye,
O let our Souls with Jesus meet;
Our fellowship with him be sweet.

VI.

Among thy people here am I,
Lord let me not be passed by,
Let this poor Soul with Triumph say,
I've seen my dearest Lord to day.

VII.

I sit within thy Temple shade,
O let thy presence make me glad,
Love me, my Lord, or else I die,
Thy love alone can satisfie.

XXXI. Of Death.

I.

Death steals upon us unawares,
And Digs a Grave unseen,
Whilst we dispute, are full of Cares,
What may be, what has been;
Shall I be bent on vanity?
And rottenness to trust,
Till Death shall lay his hand on me,
And crumble me to dust?

II.

What if my Sun should set at Noon,
If Death should call to day?
Can'st thou, my Soul, go off so soon,
Hast thou no scores to pay?
Behold my Sands, how quick they fall,
How near I am my Goal,
Let not my Body be undrest,
Till thou hast drest my Soul.

Penitential Cries.

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Let not my Body be undress'd,
Till thou hast dress'd my Soul.

III.

That at the Trumpet's Sound I may
Spring from my dusty Bed :
Rejoicing at the Voice that calls,
Arise, come forth, ye Dead.
Lord, give me Patience if I lie
Upon a Dying-Bed ;
O let my Saviour standing by,
Support my weary Head.

IV.

Support my weak and tott'ring Faith
Whilst dismal Fears annoy ;
My Jesus, be my sweet Defence ;
My Jesus, be my Joy.
Blest Advocate, do thou not fail
At this Time to appear ;
O let my shaken Faith prevail,
My Evidence be Clear.

V.

My Soul in thy sweet Hands I trust ;
Now can I sweetly sleep,
My Body falling to the Dust,
I leave with thee to keep.

XXXVI. Psalm 63. 8. *My Soul follows hard
after thee.*

I.

MY God, my God, my Light, my Love,
Mine All in All to me,

Wilt

Wilt thou a gracious Father prove
To Souls that hang on thee?

II.

My God, my God, my Light, my Love,
For thee I thirst alone;
The sweetest Waters upon Earth,
My Soul accounts as none.

III.

My God, my God, my Light, my Love,
Mine only, only Friend,
I seek, I long, I look for thee,
Why wilt thou not attend?

IV.

My God, my God, my Light, my Love,
O whither art thou gone?
Either be near, unto me here,
Or lift me to thy Throne.

V.

My God, my God, my Light, my Love,
Canst thou that Soul forsake,
That follows thee with restless Cries,
Longing to overtake?

VI.

My God, my God, my Light, my Love,
Thy Child intreats thy stay.
Father, shall not thy Bowels move?
O turn, and look this Way.

VII.

My God, my God, my Light, my Love,
Come, come, with me abide;
Rejoice me with thy Presence, Lord,
I know no Joy beside.

VIII.

Penitential Cries.

VIII.

My God, my God, my Light, my Love,
Hear thou my mournful Cry :
He hears, he hears me from above,
He will not see me die.

Psalm 86. Done by Mr. J. M.

I.

Hear, hear me, Lord, for I am Poor;
And seek Salvation at thy Door ;
Bow down thy gentle Ear to me,
Who am oppres'd with Misery.

II.

Save me, my God, for I am thine,
Thy Touch hath made my Heart Divine ;
Save me, my God, to whom I flee,
Who have none other Gods but thee.

III.

Let Mercy come from God o: High,
The Object of my daily Cry ;
I daily knock, I daily wait,
For Mercy's Alms, at Mercy's Gate.

IV.

God of all Comfort, Give a Dole
Of Comfort to thy Servant's Soul :
For this my Soul doth bend her Knee,
And stretch her craving Hands to thee.

V.

Thou, Lord, art Good, and thou dost stand
With sealed Pardons in thy Hand ;
Oh how the Dews of Mercy fall,
And answer at thy Peoples Call ;

VI.

VI.

It ne'er was writ, here lieth One,
 Dy'd at the Foot of Mercy's Throne ;
 Lord, hearken to my humble Cries,
 And let them sound above the Skies.

PART II.

I.

I Have a God, to whom I may
 Resort with Freedom any Day ;
 I'll seek him when I am in Pain,
 I'm sure to here from him again.

II.

And when my Soul shall understand
 The Comfort of his Curing Hand,
 Then shall I sing, O happy Rod,
 That brought me nearer to my God.

III.

What are those Gods whom Folly feigns,
 Those Creatures of distemper'd Brains ?
 What are those Dunghil Gods before
 The Mighty God whom I adore ?

IV.

O King of Nations, Lord of All,
 Before thee shall all Nations fall ;
 And every Language shall confess
 Thy glorious Everlastingness.

V.

For thou art Great beyond Compare,
 Thy Works amazing Wonders are ;
 To God alone all Glory be,
 There is none other God but He,

VI.

Lord, guide me in thy secret Way,
With such a Guide I shall not stray ;
Bring me into an Heavenly Frame,
Unite my Heart to fear thy Name.

VII.

My Lord, my God, my Heart shall Praise
And glorifie thee all my Days ;
Thy Mercy to me doth excell,
I am a Brand snatch'd out of Hell.

P A R T III.

I.

THE Sons of Pride against me rise,
Fierce Atheists are mine Enemies ;
They fear not God, they love not me,
My Comfort is their Misery.

II.

They mark me for their common Foe,
And jointly Plot my overthrow ;
But thou, my Lord, dost take my Part,
Thou, Lord, a God of Bowels art.

III.

Thou art most swift to Acts of Grace,
But unto Wrath of slowest Pace ;
Thy Mercy and thy Truth abound,
This is Faith's everlasting Ground.

IV.

Whilst God is Merciful and True,
~~I~~ am both Safe and Happy too ;
I cannot fall, who lean upon
The Pillars of the highest Throne.

V.

V.

O leave me not, who follow Thee,
Let Mercy look on Misery ;
Save, Lord ; for thee I do adore,
As did my Mother heretofore.

VI.

Save, Lord, one Born within thy House,
A Child of Prayers, and Tears, and Vows ;
Mine Eyes expect some happy Sign,
To tell my Soul that thou art mine.

VII.

Me with Salvations Walls enclose,
To the Confusion of my Foes,
That they with blushing may confess,
We cannot Curse whom God doth bless ;

VIII.

We cannot catch, whom God will have ;
We cannot hurt, whom God will save ;
We cannot touch his smallest Limb ;
We Curse our selves, in Cursing him.

